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THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON.

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Prima ferè vota, et cunctis notiſſima Templis
Divitiæ ut creſcant, ut Opes.

JUV.

LONDON:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruſſel-Street, Covent-Garden.

M, DCC, LXXVI.

THE

TEMPLE

OF

DEVOTION.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

TEMPLE of MAMMON.

FAST by th' Emporium* of GREAT BRITAIN's Iſle,
Where tow'rs AUGUSTA's† new imperial Pile,
Indulgent to my Wiſh, I enter'd there,
The Manſion full of Treaſure and of Care.
Here, in his Order, each Intendant rang'd,
The mighty Staple of the World exchang'd:

* The Royal Exchange. † The New Bank.

Here, Crowd on Crowd, ſucceſſive, met mine Eye;
Vaſt was the Concourſe, and the Murmur high,
Whilſt all around, the Stream of Buſineſs flow'd,
The active Scene with Art and Ardor glow'd.
Still, as the various Gates and Doors unfold,
New Windings lead through Labyrinths of Gold:
There, Piles on Piles, in Pyramids, ariſe;
And here, the dazling Heap expanded lies:
Revolving COMMERCE o'er the Whole preſides,
Inceſſant as the Ebb and Flow of Tides.

Led by the pleaſing Progreſs of the Day,
I parted thence, and homeward bent my Way.
To Home retir'd, and on my Couch reclin'd,
What wild Ideas fleeted o'er my Mind!
Pond'ring the various Views of diſtant Climes,
The Buſtle, and the Peril of the Times;

What

What dextrous Hand, what Maſter Key, unlocks
The Springs that move the fluctuating Stocks?
If by BATAVIAN Wealth they fell or roſe,
That, as the NILE, both rich and ſordid flows:
What public Credit's Current ſtill maintains,
Which dire Venality for ever drains!
What mighty Pow'r directs the changeful Fates
Of riſing Empires, and of falling States!
Thus muſing laid, when caught by ſoft Repoſe,
This *viſionary* Scene before me roſe:

Methought, as wing'd in Air, I ſoar'd on high,
The proſtrate Earth expanded to my Eye;
There, ASIA's* Climes, by Tyranny debas'd;
Here, EUROPE's Realms, with Art and Science grac'd;

* Once the Seat of Empire and of Learning.

There,

There, AFRIC, Nurſe of Slaves,—a wretched Land;
Here, the NEW WORLD aſpiring to Command;
There, aw'd by Armies, ſpacious Tracts immur'd;
Here, ALBION's Iſlands by her Fleets ſecur'd:
Dominion was their Aim, and hoſtile Alt
Devis'd the Projects of each others Fall.

Unſocial View! when, on the nether Plain,
Loud as a Deluge ſweeping from the Main
Ruſh'd forth a Multitude, and as they pour'd
Amidſt the Throng, a mighty Fabric tower'd;
So broad, ſo high, ſo eminently proud,
As of the World the Capital it ſtood.
Radiant the Summit, as when PHOEBUS ſhrouds
His Ev'ning Beams in vari'gated Clouds.
On Rock of Adamant the Baſis laid,
A wavy Splendor all around diſplay'd.

Arduous

Arduous the Steep, yet tempting all to try,
With ſtrange Enchantment drew the Gazer's Eye.
Here, thick engrav'd, Inſcriptions ſeem'd deſign'd
To mark the common Record of Mankind;
Rivals in Wealth, and anxious to declare,
This all their Fame, their Happineſs, and Care.
The Work appear'd, begun in Ages paſt,
Increas'd by Time, with Time itſelf to laſt.

On this Foundation MAMMON's TEMPLE ſtands,
As rear'd by ſomething more than mortal Hands.
Wide ſwell'd the Dome, ſuſtain'd by Pillars bold,
Of various Jaſper, interlaid with Gold:
The poliſh'd Convex, uniformly bright,
Look'd like a perfect Globe of Chryſolite.
A thouſand Gates, of precious Metal made,
Their ſhining Aſpects ev'ry Way diſplay'd;

Grav'd

Grav'd with theſe Cyphers, pointing far and near,
"Let All the NATIONS of the Earth come here!"

The Walls adorning, ſculptur'd Fable told
The Deeds of Deities, and Chiefs of old.
Here, JOVE deſcended in a golden Show'r,
And DANAE yielded to its ſov'reign Pow'r.
Three glitt'ring Orbs check'd ATALANTA's Pace,
By theſe the tempted Maiden loſt the Race.
Amidſt the Pirate Sons of ancient GREECE,
There JASON triumph'd with the golden Fleece.
MIDAS, for Thirſt of Gold, with Madneſs fir'd,
Well-nigh a Martyr to his Wiſh expir'd.
With yellow Hue PACTOLUS' Stream was ſtain'd,
His Avarice indelible remain'd.
Miſers, and Spendthrifts, diff'rent Cares employ'd;
By thoſe were Riches heap'd, by theſe deſtroy'd.

High

High o'er the Gates each Frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Columns of the diff'rent Orders rear'd:
The *Tuſcan* ſtrong and plain; and all complete
Aroſe the *Doric*, regularly great.
Mild and majeſtic was th' *Ionic* plac'd,
And airy too, with its own Volute grac'd.
The Sculptor's* Skill the rich *Corinthian* ſhew'd,
And the *Acanthus* ſofteſt Charms beſtow'd:
With theſe were others of a kindred Kind,
By modern Artiſts, variouſly defin'd.

The *Weſtern* Fronts the Tragic Fates contain'd
Of mighty Empires fall'n, where MAMMON reign'd.
On trampled GREECE the artful PHILIP ſtood,
Disjoin'd her States with Gold, and then ſubdu'd.

* See the Story of CALLIMACHUS.

O'er

O'er the great Orator the Vaſe prevail'd,
Whoſe Virtue MACEDON in vain aſſail'd.
Treaſure on Treaſure pil'd, JUGURTHA brought;
ROME, like a Slave, ſtood ready to be bought.
There might be ſeen, as by ſome Magic Charm,
The Patriot fetter'd, ſhrunk the Hero's Arm.
Alien to Truth, was Eloquence o'erpower'd;
JUSTICE herſelf the Sword and Balance lower'd.
BRITANNIA here, unwieldy and too great,
Like weary'd ATLAS, ſhrinks beneath her Weight.
At Sight of Gold, as ſmitten by the Eyes
Of the dread Baſiliſk, FAIR FREEDOM dies.

The *Eaſtern* Fronts, beyond Compare, were bright,
And pour'd a Flood of Splendor on my Sight.
There mighty Monarchs ſhone, who firſt began
To war for Lucre, and to plunder Man.

Here,

Here, CYRUS fam'd for ASIATIC Sway,
Before him BABYLON in Ruins lay.
Aghaſt, and calling oft on SOLON's Name,
He reſcu'd CRÆSUS from the fun'ral Flame.
Inſatiate and untir'd, was PHILIP's Son,
Wailing his Fate, though all the World he won.
CRASSUS * for Gain aſſum'd the Sword and Shield,
The Plund'rer fell in the embattled Field:
Betray'd, deſpoil'd, here NABOBS naked ſtood
'Midſt Chriſtian Heroes, crimſon'd o'er with Blood.

Grav'd on the *Southern* Fronts, the Regions ſhone,
Stretch'd flaming wide, beneath the torrid Zone.
ROME's mighty Rival once, and OCEAN's Queen,†
I look'd to ſee, but not a Trace was ſeen.

---

* He was killed fighting againſt the PARTHIANS. † CARTHAGE.

Some curious Cyphers, deep impreſs'd in Gold,
Of ancient Story the dark Records told.
PYGMALION there, SICHÆUS Wealth obtain'd,
And, with a Brother's Blood the Altar ſtain'd.
Here, daring Mariners NEW WORLDS diſcloſe,
And INDIAN Conqu'rors to my View aroſe.
Borne from the Mines, faſt by LA PLATA's Stream,
The Diamond glow'd in Brilliancy ſupreme.
Highly emboſs'd, POTOSI's Mountain ſhines,
The tawny Lab'rer fainting in his Mines.
There, PANAMA in choiceſt Sculpture wrought;
Here, Fleets with EUROPE's precious Miſchiefs fraught.
O'er this rich Clime the poor IBERIA reigns,
And what ſhe got by Blood, by Blood maintains.

In *Gothic* Stile, the *Northern* Fronts I view'd,
Rough was the Sculpture, and the Figures rude.

By

By wealthier Regions lur'd, a hoſtile Swarm
Of fierce Barbarians there for Plunder arm;
Undiſciplin'd they move, they ruſh from far,
And fiercer ATTILA drives on the War:
The *Weſtern* Realm his ruthleſs Armies waſte,
And ſcatter Deſolation o'er the Eaſt.
The headlong Hoſt before it all o'erturns,
As a Flood ſweeps, or Conflagration burns;
While from the Havock of theſe barb'rous Foes,
BRITANNIA's Genius, LIBERTY aroſe.
A War-like Form,* more recent, here ſtood forth,
And, blazing, ſeem'd a Meteor of the North;
Pregnant with Ire, its rapid Vortex hurl'd,
Alarm'd, and menac'd to inflame the World.
There, TURKS and RUSSIANS were in Battle mix'd,
The Sabre brandiſh'd, and the Bayonet fix'd:

* The King of PRUSSIA.

Theſe, pouring headlong like a furious Flood;
And thoſe like Rocks, in vain aſſaulted, ſtood.
For POLAND's Spoilers either Army bled,
Her Realm diſſever'd, and her Monarch fled.

As when the Hours unbar the Gates of Light,
A Blaze of Radiance burſting on the Sight,
The Temple open'd; while the gazing Crowd,
As erſt the PERSIANS, lowly kneel'd and bow'd.
Now, ſwiftly borne from the *Ætherial* Plain,
I view'd th' internal Glories of the Fane;
Amazing Sight! here, ample Vaults were ſtor'd
With ev'ry Treaſure Earth and Sea afford:
Their Breadths immenſe, beyond my View extend;
Their Depths, as low as TARTARUS deſcend.

In rich *Moſaic* was the Pavement wrought,
Beyond what artful GREECE, or ROME had taught:
Stones of all Forms and Hues, together laid,
Their Shades the Pencil's Imag'ry diſplay'd:
From the bright Texture various Figures ſhoot,
Th' HESPERIAN Garden, and the golden Fruit.
The Signs and Seaſons of the circling Year,
And PLENTY's Horn were teſſelated here;
Here, with ſuperior Skill and glowing Tint,
The ſplendid Labours of AUGUSTA's Mint
Spread wide around;—the adverſe Beams entwin'd
Of the rude Bullion, and the Ore refin'd.
The burniſh'd *Lamen* by the Artiſt ſtruck,
Rounded, and mill'd, the regal Image took:
Beſpangled thus, the chequer'd Carpet lay,
Not more the Radiance of the Milky-way.

Borne on COLOSSAL Columns, rang'd around,
With Architraves of Gold and Beryl crown'd,
Th' effulgent Roof reflected various Dyes,
As the rich Concave of the ſtarry Skies.

Wide o'er the Walls the Scenes of human Life,
Diſplay'd a Picture of myſterious Strife.
Their diff'rent Hues, *Peace*, *War*, and *Commerce* wore,
And *Politics* a PROTEUS Semblance bore.
And here, th' exalted Idol of an Hour,
The Stateſman ſtruggled to maintain his Pow'r;
Surrounding Crowds, inceſſant, ſeem'd to crave,
And ſtill diſſatisfy'd, whate'er he gave.
Diſcarded now, another to his Place
Succeeds, and quits it with the like Diſgrace.
There, Tyrant Party diff'rent Aſpects ſhew'd,
Yet with the ſame envenom'd Spirit glow'd;

Triumphant

Triumphant now, he leads his conqu'ring Bands,
And FACTION ſcatters Libels from her Hands.
For Civil Broil her Trump SEDITION blows,
The People's Fury, like an HYDRA, roſe.
Patriots and Demagogues, here play'd their Parts,
All for their Country—MAMMON at their Hearts.

Faſt by the Groupe, a groveling Form* was plac'd,
Wreath'd as a Snake, and by itſelf embrac'd.
Now, by the God of Eloquence and Theft,
Were Senates of their Senſe and Gold bereft.
Her wonted Meed CREDULITY receiv'd,
Still to believe, and ſtill to be deceiv'd.
AMBITION there, with Giant Effort, ſtrove
To graſp at Heav'n, and ſeize the Throne of JOVE.

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* Self-intereſt.

Here,

Here, ADULATION crawl'd, like Ivy twin'd,
And its own Prop, the Pillar undermin'd.
By Length of Craving rankled, AV'RICE grey,
With renovated Paſſion, pin'd away.
Source of Diſeaſe, ſoft Foe to human Kind,
Lay LUXURY, on PLENTY's Lap reclin'd.
The bloated SYREN* wrap'd in purple Robe,
More fell than Arms, aveng'd the conquer'd Globe.

On a ſecreted Altar met mine Eyes
The various Figures of a Sacrifice;
The Temple's Prieſts ſtood forth, with holy Leer;
The Moral Virtues were the Victims here.
HONOUR, without a Bluſh, was truck'd for Gold,
And *Virgin* Beauty, by its Parent, ſold.

---

* Sævior Armis, &c.

Seduc'd

Seduc'd by MAMMON's Lure, *fair Virtue*'s Train
Were Captive led, and ſacrific'd to Gain.

High on a Throne, apart, was MAMMON rais'd,
That o'er all earthly Thrones ſuperior blaz'd:
More Wealth, more Treaſure, was devoted here
Than Superſtition ever paid to Fear.
Eyeleſs he ſat, and Idol-like enſhrin'd,
Crippled he ſeem'd before, and wing'd behind:*
With a rich Diadem his Head was bound;
Beneath his Feet were Globes and Scepters found;
Garters and Stars, and all thoſe brilliant Things,
Ambition's Trappings, and the Pride of Kings.
Two hideous Forms† awaited his Commands,
BRIAREUS-like, but with a thouſand Hands;

* Alluding to the Obſervation that Riches are ſlow in their Approach, and ſwift in their Departure.

† BRIBERY and TAXATION.

Both ſkill'd in all the Arts of ſmooth Addreſs,
One to corrupt, the Other to oppreſs;
To teach whole Senates wiſely to beguile,
And public Villains murder with a Smile.
Around the Godhead, Theſe obſequious move,
And conſtant as the *Sattellites* of JOVE.

The Temple ſhook throughout;—at MAMMON's Call
Th' expectant Crowd, tumultuous, fill'd the Hall,
Thick, as when Locuſts, warping from the Eaſt,
The Labours of ſome fruitful Clime to waſte;
The dreadful Hoſt diſaſt'rous Darkneſs brings,
And all the Air is beat with hoſtile Wings.
A motley Sight their various Garbs appear,
As when the Foreſts AUTUMN's Liv'ry wear.

Various their Speech; yet, as from ev'ry Tongue,
"Hear us, Oh! MAMMON," through the Temple rung:

But

But ſome, more loudly, join'd in this Requeſt,
" Oh! Grant to make us richer than the Reſt."

Now, in full Majeſty, the God appear'd,
And bade the diff'rent Orders to be heard.
Rude was the Preſs; and here you might behold
The chief Pre-eminence conferr'd on Gold.
Firſt, to the Shrine crept forth a ſordid Train,
How to amaſs ſore vex'd with mental Pain;
Pallid and gaunt, they ſeem'd as out of Breath,
And, like the poor ARACHNE, ſpun to Death.
In the low Whine of Poverty preferr'd,
Theſe mutter'd Oraiſons were ſcarcely heard:
" Great Giver of all Good, increaſe our Store,
" We beg but little,—and a little *more*.
" Servants and Slaves to thee, alone, we break
" The very Ties of Nature for thy Sake."

The God approv'd, and as he lib'ral pour'd
His Treaſures forth, as thankleſs they devour'd:
Through ſcornful Hiſſing, theſe departing went
With all, but what he could not give, *Content*.

Kings now advanc'd, in bright *Regalia* dreſs'd,
And to the God their ſev'ral Vows expreſs'd.
One nobly aſks, "Confer thy Aid on me,
"To make my People happy, great, and free:"
With low Servility, another craves
The Pow'r to bribe his Subjects into Slaves.
Theſe ſov'reign Suppliants, bending to the Throne,
Confeſs his Pow'r ſuperior to their own;
That o'er Mankind a Tyrant MAMMON reigns,
And, at his Pleaſure, ſcatters Crowns and Chains.

Next mov'd an aweful Band, who hold the Helm
Of State, and Legiſlators of the Realm;
So *plac'd*, ſo *penſion'd*, and ſo *titled* o'er,
Methought ſuch mighty *ones* could ſeek no more.
Their Patents new, *reverſionary* Grants
Were all too little for their many Wants:
A further Boon they court, to him appeal
For their vaſt Service to the public Weal:
Theſe, ſave a few, in MAMMON's Int'reſt join'd,
Were to his impious Miniſters conſign'd;
A Patriot *few*, who, for their Country, ſtrive
To keep a Spark of Virtue yet alive;
And one* who ſcorn'd an Idol's Pow'r to own,
Bold and erect, ſtood forth before the Throne;

---

* Lord CHATHAM.

Not

Not to implore the Deity he came,
But public Virtue's bright Reward to claim;
This glorious Motto ſparkling on his Breaſt,
I SAV'D MY COUNTRY—mark'd him from the Reſt.

Not leſs devout than when at ſacred Pray'r,
A *mitred* Train approach'd, with ſolemn Air;
Like zealous Servants, round the Shrine they ſtand,
With a *Demoivre* in each holy Hand,
Their Oracle; they ſeem'd to calculate,
How to ſupport the Pride of Church and State;
How to maintain their Rights, increaſe their Fees;
To make Renewals, and exchange their Sees.
Let pure Religion and the World upbraid,
Here their Idolatry was amply paid;
Yet here, apart, I ſpy'd a pious Few,
Friends to the World, and to Religion too.

Now

Now forward preſs'd, the Brethren of the Law,
And round the Throne a ſable Phalanx draw;
Pleadings and Pleas importunate were join'd,—
Happy had MAMMON been as deaf as blind!
Their ſubtle Eloquence engag'd his Ear;
For honeſt Reas'ning had no Int'reſt here;
That for his Sake, perverting oft the Laws,
They ſtrove to make the worſe the better Cauſe;
That Acts were fram'd and conſtru'd as they liſt,
And Senates, void of them, could not exiſt;
That they diſpos'd of Property and Life,
And MAMMON's Pow'r aroſe from civil Strife.
The God decreed, (ſuch able Friends obtain'd)
Should in his Service ever be retain'd.

Phyſicians pleaded next their watchful Care,
The Breaches of Intemp'rance to repair.

Here,

Here, mix'd Pretenders, who their Merit place
In Size of Wig, and Myſtery of Face;
Except in worming Fees, but little ſkill'd,
Their Patients they, at Random cur'd or kill'd.
There Sages ſtood, who labour'd to regain
Health from Diſeaſe, from Miſery, and Pain;
When for her Diſſolution ſore afraid,
Theſe ſtudy'd Nature, and afforded Aid;
Oft they reviv'd, reſtor'd the parting Breath,
And ſnatch'd the Arrow from the Hand of Death.
Such as thus deeply ſkill'd, the God for theſe,
Allots Increaſe of Fame, Increaſe of Fees.

Next, to beſeech the God, the Learned came;
But theſe were deem'd as rich enough in Fame;
Though from their Labours, Man Inſtruction gains,
Praiſe was ſufficient to reward their Pains.

The Muſes ſeldom MAMMON's Favours ſhare,
Their Fortune is to build, and live on Air.

Now, at the Throne, appear'd a modeſt Few,
Whoſe Mien and Language deep Attention drew;
Great in themſelves, their Looks, at once, impart
The ſoft, and noble Feelings of the Heart.
" Since all Mankind thy mighty Pow'r confeſs,
" Let us, thy honour'd GODHEAD, here addreſs.
" Riches we neither worſhip, nor deſpiſe;
" No, 'tis their proper Uſe, alone we prize.
" Lodg'd in the Earth, for Man to bring them forth,
" By Heaven's Deſign, and ſhew their real Worth,
" Their Uſe and End; and theſe when underſtood,
" Are Acts of private, and of public Good.
" For us, whoſe ſole Ambition but aſpires
" To what the happy, golden Mean, requires;

" Who ſeek not Paſſions to depreſs or raiſe,
" But live, at once, with Dignity and Eaſe;
" Thy Gifts with Friendſhip and Diſtreſs to ſhare,
" Grant us but this, more is not worth our Care."
The God, with Pleaſure, their Demand ſupplies,
And ſeem'd, as if for once, he had his Eyes.
All hail'd, rever'd; the Godlike Band withdrew,
Bleſs'd in themſelves, and bleſſing others too

The Sons of MAVORS, rang'd in thick Array,
Set forth the Toils of many a well-fought Day.
" Great Pow'r! the Sinew and the Nerve of War,
" Regard the Soldier's honourable Scar;
" Tis Glory, chiefly, that ſupports his Trade;
" For Riſk, and Loſs of Life, but poorly paid:
" Oft his Commander bears the Spoil away,
" And leaves him but the Triumph of the Day."

The God pronounc'd, with Heroes though enroll'd,
The Soldier's Laurels muſt be imp'd with Gold.

Now forward ruſh'd a rude and boiſt'rous Train,
Who brave the Tempeſts in purſuit of Gain;
Whom no Extremes of Peril cou'd control,
Endur'd, by turns, beneath the Line and Pole.
And here, a Group diſtinguiſh'd from the Reſt,
With freedom thus the Deity addreſs'd.
" We, Heroes of the Ocean, claim our Due,
" Who fight for BRITAIN's Throne, and MAMMON's too;
" Guardians of Commerce, round the Globe we roam,
" And bear the Treaſures of both INDIES Home."
Full freighted now with Gold, the jovial Band,
What they had gain'd by Sea, diſpers'd by Land.
Great MAMMON ſpoke, " Go, hye you to the Main,
" And ſeek me in your Element again."

At laſt, a noiſy, vagrant, idle Crew,
Devoid of Care, pour'd thick upon my View:
As round the World's great Syſtem Atoms dance,
Reſtleſs they mov'd, and ſeem'd to live by Chance;
Poor thoughtleſs Wretches, of a various Kind,
Who flock'd to catch the Favours of the Blind,
As thrown at Random; but on whom they fell,
Lucky or not, my *Viſion* could not tell.

Such was the Noiſe, their Adoration o'er,
As when contending Winds through Caverns roar.
Full of their God, and of themſelves, the Crowd
In Wantonneſs proclaim'd his Pow'r aloud.
Exalted now beyond a mortal Sphere,
Spurning at Earth, they ſeem'd to tread in Air:
Born on the Wings of Vanity and Pride,
They ſcorn'd the World, and Heav'n itſelf defy'd.

Whilſt of the Fane theſe Wonders I ſurvey'd,
All was, at once, envelop'd in a Shade;
As ſuff'ring an Eclipſe, the Orb of Light,
Its paler Glories faded on my Sight.
Darkneſs and Silence, brooding deep, around,
Sudden burſt forth a Trumpet's dreadful Sound;
Such as before had never pierc'd mine Ear,—
The NATIONS trembled, NATURE ſhrunk with Fear.
Such was the ſhrill and ſolemn Clangor ſpread,
As unto Judgment may awake the Dead;
From Pole to Pole, theſe aweful Accents flew,
YOUR GOD YOU CANNOT SERVE AND MAMMON TOO.
Truth rous'd my Senſes from their lowly Bed;
The TEMPLE vaniſh'd, and the VISION fled.

11. 7. 49

FINIS.

VISIONS of the Time which Words I fore'd,
All was, at once, convulsed in a Shock:
As lightning on Eagle's the Orb of Night,
Its pale Glories faded on my Sight.
Darkness and Silence, brooding deep, around,
Sudden burst forth a Trump's dreadful Sound;
Such as before had never pierc'd mine Ear,—
The NATIONS trembled, NATURE shook with Fear.
Such was the Full and solemn Clangor spread,
As unto Judgment my inmate the Dead;
From Pole to Pole, wide awful Accents flew,
YOUR GOD YOU CANNOT SERVE AND MAMMON TOO.
Forth rous'd my Souls from their lowly Bed,
The TEMPLE vanish'd, and the VISION fled.

FINIS.